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Upon the lonely sightless sons of woe
A new foreign source of pleasure to bestow.

Behold thy work!—

[*The scene opening, discovers the Harpers.*]

See here a helpless band,
The tokens of thy gracious influence, stand!
What speaks this sight?—It tells to all around,

That Charity and music chose this ground,
This favour'd spot, the seat of wealth and arts,

To fix their empire in a people's hearts.
What! tho' no mighty fabric charms the eye,

No far famed column towers to meet the sky—

What! tho' all sweeping Luxury's fell sway

Transform not seasons, turn not night to day—

Yet here the faithful chronicler can boast
A fame superior to her pomp or cost;
Hearts, where with strange coincidence conspires

Scotia's calm prudence with Ierne's fires:
A town, where patient industry presides,
Where virtue to the fane of honour guides;
Where pity opens the willing hand of wealth,
Dispensing balm to care, to sickness health;
Where poverty is banished from the door,
And vagrant idleness dares prowl no more.

Thy merit *shall* have praise—where'er this band,

The children of thy bounty, thro' the land

Repeat the tones that once our fathers loved,
The raptur'd audience, with strange passion moved,

Will ask, what blessed hand restored those strains,

So nearly lost, to vibrate thro' our plains?
Then will the swell of gratitude arise
In joyous tides to fill their sightless eyes,
While memory, to the voice of nature true,
Exclaims with rapturous sympathy—to you!

The lines marked thus ("") were omitted at the representation, through fear of rendering the recitation tedious.

UAL MO CHROIDHE.

THOU dear seducer of my heart,
Fond cause of every struggling sigh;
No more can I conceal love's smart,
No more restrain the ardent eye.
What tho' this tongue did never more
To tell thee all its master's pain,

My eyes, my looks, have spoke my love,
Ah! Norah, shall they speak in vain.

My fond imagination warm,
Presents thee at the noontide beam,
And sleep gives back thy angel form,
To clasp thee in the midnight dream.
My Norah, tho' no splendid store,
I boast, a venal heart to move;
Yet charmer, I am far from poor,
For I am more than rich in love.

Pulse of my beating heart, shall all
My hopes of thee, and peace be fled,
Unheeded wilt thou hear me fall,
Unpitied wilt thou see me dead!
I'll make a cradle of this breast,
Thy image all its child shall be;
My throbbing heart will rock to rest,
The cares that waste thy life and me.

MAIDIN BATTANAC SLEARI DUFF GINO BUIDH.

SO sweet is the lip of the maid that I love,
Let us meet at the bower beneath the green tree,
Let the ray of the moon be thy guide thro' the grove,
And thine eye be the beam that will light me to thee.

O steal to the bower, where willows entwined
With woodbine and roses to shade it a bower;

I swear there is nought in a goblet of wine,
So sweet as the lip of the maid that I love.

Haste, haste, thou bright moon to rise over the hill,
And spread thy soft hues on the valley beneath;
Peace tremulous aspen, be quiet, be still,
I hear her light step, and I fear me to breathe.

O come then my charmer and banish my fear,
Bring joy to my heart and each doubt will remove;

I swear there is nought upon earth that's so dear,
So sweet as the lip of the maid that I love.

THE MAID OF THE MOOR,

OR

THE WATER FIENDS;

BY GEORGE COLMAN.

ON a wild Moor, all brown and black
Where broods the heath-frequenting grouse,